

# THE DAILY DEMOCRAT

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TRADE COUNCIL  
AKRON

A JOKE ON THE KAISER.

He Was Gracious to a Belgian Who He Thought Was French.

It must be said to the Kaiser's credit that that well abused man in Parisian circles, at any rate—never less an opportunity pass of being royally kind and courteous to French artists de passage at Berlin. But, perversely as ever, everybody in Paris just now is gloating over a blunder made, with the best intentions, by the German emperor in complimenting a Parisian writer of operas, M. Fernand Le Borne.

During the entrance of the first representation of one of this gentleman's works at Berlin the Kaiser sent for him to the imperial box, shook his hand with the quite English heartiness he knows how to display when thoroughly pleased and congratulated him in the most cordial fashion. In particular he dwelt on the pleasure it had given him to witness the triumph at Berlin of a French composer and a Parisian. Those advances were so pronounced that society in Berlin, patient with the emperor as it usually is, was rendered very sore. But the emperor was stubborn in his good nature. Talking to M. de Noailles, the French ambassador, the other day, he said:

"By the way, M. l'ambassadeur, I trust you have informed your government of the welcome I gave M. Le Borne."

"But, sire, what government?"

"The emperor looked bewildered and rather annoyed."

"Without doubt, sire," continued the French ambassador, "M. Le Borne lives in Paris and is thinking, I am told, of becoming naturalized as a Frenchman, but by birth and until further orders he is a Belgian, and, indeed, I was thinking of asking your majesty if I should write to Brussels."

"The emperor, it is said, bit his lip with annoyance. But the perversé Parisians say that he was annoyed because he felt he had played to the gallery—the gallery of little French gods—for nothing—Mainly About People."

HUSTLING BRIDGE BUILDERS.

How Uncle Sam Outdid John Bull and the Reason Why.

Nothing within the past year or two has directed more attention to the world over to the capacity for rapid and good work in American engineering establishments than the recent award of the contract for a bridge over the Atbara river, a tributary to the Nile, in the Sudan, to an American firm of bridge builders. The bridge was needed most urgently for railroad use in connection with Sir Herbert Kitchener's famous military operations—indeed time was of the first importance, and in this respect the American builders distanced all other bidders, guaranteeing to deliver the whole bridge of seven spans in seven weeks, while the earliest delivery that could be obtained from any of the British firms was for two of the spans in six months.

Why American builders should, in this instance, have led the world and have crowned British firms out of a territory which they might well have considered peculiarly their own, is an interesting question. Improvements in methods, the introduction of time and labor saving devices, with the incidental reduction of costs, furnish a ready answer, and it is particularly interesting to note that as not the least of these improvements, electrical conveniences have been effected. Electrically driven shop tools, heavy ones as well as light ones, have eliminated many difficulties of operation, and electric cranes have greatly simplified the handling of heavy pieces. The principle of portability in the tools, moreover, has been applied to the welding apparatus, and, in itself, has contributed almost as much as any one other thing to that rapidity and excellence of output for which American shops have become noted.—Cassier's Magazine.

The Oldest Old Maid.

The "oldest old maid in the United States," Aunt Peggy Bailey, has just died in Monument City, Ind., at the age of 112. She was a constant tobacco user, having smoked a pipe from the age of 8 years, but always used tobacco raised and cured on the home farm. Up to two months ago, when she became blind, deaf, dumb and partly insane, she was in excellent health and retained all her faculties. She gave as a reason for her spinsterhood that "getting married is a serious thing, and I never thought I wanted to take any such chances." She had a brother in Kentucky and another in Ohio, both of whom have passed the 100 year mark.

Try Allen's Foot-Ease.

A powder to be shaken into the shoes. Your feet feel cool, moist, and get tired easily. If you have smarting feet or tight shoes, try Allen's Foot-Ease. It cures the feet and makes walking easy. Cures swollen, sweating feet, ingrowing nails, blisters and callous spots. Relieves corns and bunions of all pain and gives rest and comfort. Try it today. Sold by all druggists and shoe stores for 25c. Trial package FREE. Address, Allen S. Olmsted, 140 N. 7th St., St. Louis, Mo.

# WRONGS OF TAGALOS.

ELIZA ARCHARD CONNER WRITES OF SPANISH BARBARITIES.

An Indelible Impression Left Upon the Native Character—Made Distrustful, Suspicious and Revengeful by Centuries of Oppression.

[Special Correspondence.]

MANILA, May 22.—A foreigner is occasionally much impressed with a Spanish face here, say that of one of the broken, defeated officers of the queen regent's late army in these islands. It is a face noble and clear cut, with an expression of infinite sadness in it. Such a face appeals profoundly to the interest and sympathy of a stranger and makes even an American feel sorry for hapless Queen Christina and her subjects. Probably then an hour after he will see a picture, an actual photograph, showing how these same Spaniards used to torture the wretched Filipino rebels. Some of these photographs represent the rebel hung up to a wall by the cartilage of his nose. Another represents the wretched insurgent with his feet in the stocks and a Spaniard,

providing the white man, and he prepared desperately to resist coming under such rule again.

An old foreign resident of Manila tells me he is sure he sees nothing less than the providence of God in the passing of these islands into the hands of the United States. At the time of the native outbreak against Spain in 1896 there were an actual fact not more than 300 Spanish soldiers in and about Manila. Had the Tagalos possessed any organizing and staying power at all they would have shortly put to death the Spanish soldiers, and Manila would have been the scene of such riot and massacre as the pages of history seldom show.

Fortunately for the white residents of the city, however, the Tagalos had only courage and number, nothing else. The few Spanish soldiers held their own within the city itself till the Americans came, and with their coming undoubtedly dawned the fairest day that hitherto has brightened the 1,400 Philippine islands.

But the Tagalos, not knowing, turned against their deliverers. Their outbreak against the night of Feb. 4 was expected by our officers here long before it came. In one or two instances American soldiers had been murdered by Aguinaldo's men, who sneaked up on them on pretense of being friends. Feb. 5 the Tagalos hurled themselves like lunatics against the American army. Lead and iron ball welcomed them. They fell like sheep in the streets and vacant lots of Manila. The pictures here are from actual photographs. To their awful cost the Tagalos are finding that it is no longer Spain they have to deal with. Since the wiping out of American slavery this Tagalo affair is the most unpleasant chapter in American history, yet it had to be written, though with blood and rifle.

By the way, it hurts the sensitive Spanish feelings to hear the native called "Filipino." They will not have it. In their definition of terms a Filipino is a person of Spanish blood born in the Philippine Islands. An individual of half Spanish and half native blood is called a mestizo. One who reaches the degree of bleaching, where he has only one-quarter native blood, is generally adopted into the full fledged white race and classed as a Spaniard. You will observe the Spaniards are thus more liberal toward their slightly tinted colored brethren than we Americans are. All full blooded natives here, of whatever tribe or race, are called "Indians" by the Spaniards.

The strangest thing in this forlorn and rickety old town is the bright and beautiful American flag, here, there, everywhere, floating over the ancient buildings and gray old fortresses, glorious emblem of the new supplanting the old—the great young nation that represents humanity's highest, best development taking the place of the old one that stands for all the bloody tyranny of the past. You have no idea how we love that flag out here and how patriotic we are. Every evening the regimental band that makes music on the Luneta or one of the parade grounds plays "The Star Spangled Banner" to close with, at the going down of the sun. As the first bars strike up, all Americans here, and most Englishmen, take off their hats and stand with bared heads till the sound of our national air dies softly away.

Last time I witnessed this scene I noticed an American soldier standing alone

having just such a noble face as that which appealed so to your sympathy, bearing down hard on the machine in a way to draw the victim's head and feet together. The agony on the wretched little brown face is something that will haunt you the rest of your days. Again there will be shown to you a poor little native child stretched upon a rack, face downward, and another Spaniard cutting the blood out of him with a cat of nine tails.

When you see these horrors, the blood stiffens in your veins and you say: "Let Spain go on her fate. She deserves all she has had to take and more too. Posing as a civilized Christian nation, she has descended to the level of the lowest savages in her treatment of these her own subjects."

I have seen the pictures mentioned above. A native photographer has a stock of them on which to nourish his hatred of Spain. So soon as he feels assured that a visitor to his gallery has no sympathy with the Spaniard he brings out these "views. He has a variety of them. I did not believe when I saw them that they were actually taken from life. It seemed to me they must be made up, copied from a drawing, or something. But they are from the life. What is more, officers of the American army themselves took some of the photographs.

Seeing these terrible pictures, I understood more of the cause of the natives' outbreak against even their best friends, the Americans, than a volume could have told me. From the first settlement of the country by the white man the natives have been beaten and tortured. It has always been the custom among Spaniards to beat and whip their Tagalo servants here. The friars used to inflict terrible punishments on them. A Spaniard here said a few days ago that he would then and there have whipped one of his servants, a man as old as himself, if he had not been afraid the American authorities would have him arrested for it. Thus much our army of civilization has accomplished already. I know of at least one Spanish woman in Manila who keeps up to this day the heroic old practice of beating her servants with a whip. Maybe they will turn on her some day.

Added to this physical cruelty and degradation there was the fact that the white man had cheated the Tagalos out of their lands year by year and by book and by crook getting the most and the best of everything material and reducing the original owners of the soil more and more to poverty. It is not in human nature—white, black or brown, of any age, sex or previous condition of servitude—to forget these things. So in the poor, little, brown brain grew generation by generation hatred of the white race.

When the Americans came to Manila and gave arms to the natives to use against their former masters, the Spaniards, they believed in their modulated, heathen way that deliverance had come at last; that if they helped whip the queen's soldiers they would be rid forever of the alien race. The same sort of dream it is that even some red Indians of the United States cherish to this day.

It put a new face on things when the Tagalos got it into his narrow brain that after all the Americans were not going to leave the Philippines. How could he know indeed that to be a citizen of the great American Union is to be the freest, most fortunate man among the nations today? He could not know that under United States rule the whipping, wrong and oppression would cease. How could he? All white faces looked alike to him. However well Aguinaldo and the shrewd half Chinese advisers understood the situation, beyond doubt the ordinary Tagalo saw in the American occupation of the Philippines only a change of masters, and he prepared to resist the yoke of the new master to the utmost. It must be regretfully mentioned, too, that there was and is on the part of American soldiers who had been drinking too much on the occasion of the wrongdoings toward the natives. This did not happen except rarely, but it only served to confirm the native's belief in the total de-

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# ON THE FIRING LINE.

ELIZA ARCHARD CONNER WITH THE ARMY IN LUZON.

A Woman Correspondent Writes of the Fighting Around Manila—The Tagalos' Disregard of the Rules of Modern Warfare.

[Special Correspondence.]

MANILA, May 25.—The war goes on by spurts and dashes at irregular intervals. After the first desperate fighting early in February there was a comparative lull for weeks. The lines stretched out thin and long, and it was necessary to wait till more troops came from home.

March 25 the active advance began again. By that time our lines had been pressed forward in a widening circle till they were from four to nine miles from Manila. Malabon, nine miles to the northward, was the point of departure. Where the bamboo forest and dense undergrowth have been cleared away open fields, whose soil is very fertile, take their place. Such open fields are hereabouts usually devoted to rice culture and have irrigating ditches through them. A richland on the right of Malabon was the scene of a bloody

fight March 26. In the foreground of the picture you see this field, with the shallow firing trenches running across it like fresh earth thrown up by a plowshare. Near these blood stained trenches lie yet unburied the bodies of two American soldiers whom death has muzzled out in a country far from home.

This nasty job would have been over months ago if the natives were civilized men, as so many good old ladies in the United States senate and elsewhere have been fond of telling the American public. But they will not come out and fight. Their way is to crawl on the ground like slithering serpents, through the bamboo and banana thicket, till they can pick off American soldiers. If they are caught, they swear they are "amigos"—friends. After having made this declaration, so soon as the soldier's back is turned they will out with a bolo and knife him from behind and then run like deer back to their jungle.

On one of our outposts not long since a South Dakota lad was on duty at evening in the gloaming. He discovered two natives sifting toward him. They had no guns. He challenged them. "Who goes there?" "Amigos," they answered. He let them by. By an odd chance he had no cartridge in his rifle at that moment. As the two fellows were passing they jumped behind him, and in a lightning flash of intuition, he detected their intention to knife him. As they whipped out their knives he snatched a cartridge, dropped it into his gun and fired. Fate guided the ball, and one fellow dropped dead. The other ran for his life. The Dakota dropped another cartridge into his rifle and fired again, taking aim as well as he could in the fast vanishing evening light of the tropics. He could not tell what execution he had done, but next day the dead body of the other "amigo" who had come so near murdering him was found lying in the road where the Dakota had dropped him.

That was merely the Tagalo idea of honorable warfare. Last summer, when our first troops landed here and were such great friends with the rebels, an insurgent officer proposed to a captain in the American army that they should make an expedition together for the purpose of capturing arms from the Spaniards.

"You and I," said this sweet Tagalo officer, "will slip up easy behind a Spanish soldier on outpost duty, seize him and cut his throat and then take his gun." By this gentle mode of warfare hundreds of guns and cartridge belts have been added to the rebels' available stock.

On a recent Sunday I was out on our extreme outposts southward. On Sunday the soldier is apt to be either washing or fighting. Here on the south, although there had been considerable firing early in the morning, the boys were peacefully renovating their weekly linen. At the same time, on the line to the north, around Malolos, one of the bloodiest fights since February was taking place, a fight singularly fatal to our officers. There the brave, lamented Colonel Stoenberg of the First Nebraska was killed.

On the south of where we were the insurgent lines were less than a thousand yards away, though we could not see them through the bamboo and banana bush. Major McCammon of the Fourteenth regulars conducted us along the line of the trenches. A little beyond these, dotted here and there along the line, were the soldiers on picket duty. They had generally secured a mat of some kind from a ruined native hut and made of it a screen to protect them from the fierce sun rays. This matting was likewise adroitly nestled in among swaying, rustling banana banners, that might not be an attraction to visitors, but drawing toward it a brown man's rifle or knife, as the case might be. I stood awhile at the intrenchments, admiring about equally the beauties of nature and the fine physique of the soldiers, when the voice of Major McCammon spoke softly, but persuasively:

"Better not linger here very long; might draw a shower of insurgent bullets any minute, you know!"

I did not linger.

One thing I am glad to report to the people at home—you will not see in a month's travel in the civilian world a body of men who look in better health and spirits than our soldiers out on the lines. They are now mostly clad in the brown cotton fabric called "khaki," which the British army has found so excellent for wear and coolness in India and Egypt. These khaki suits are becoming, and no men can fill them to better advantage than our own.

"Hi, there!" called out the guest, who you find to add something to his own. The waiter, however, merely looked back, nodded and went on.

Fifteen minutes later he brought on the woodcock, done to a turn.

"Walter," said the guest, "this is overripe!"

"Yes, sir. Didn't you boiler at me you wanted it high?"

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